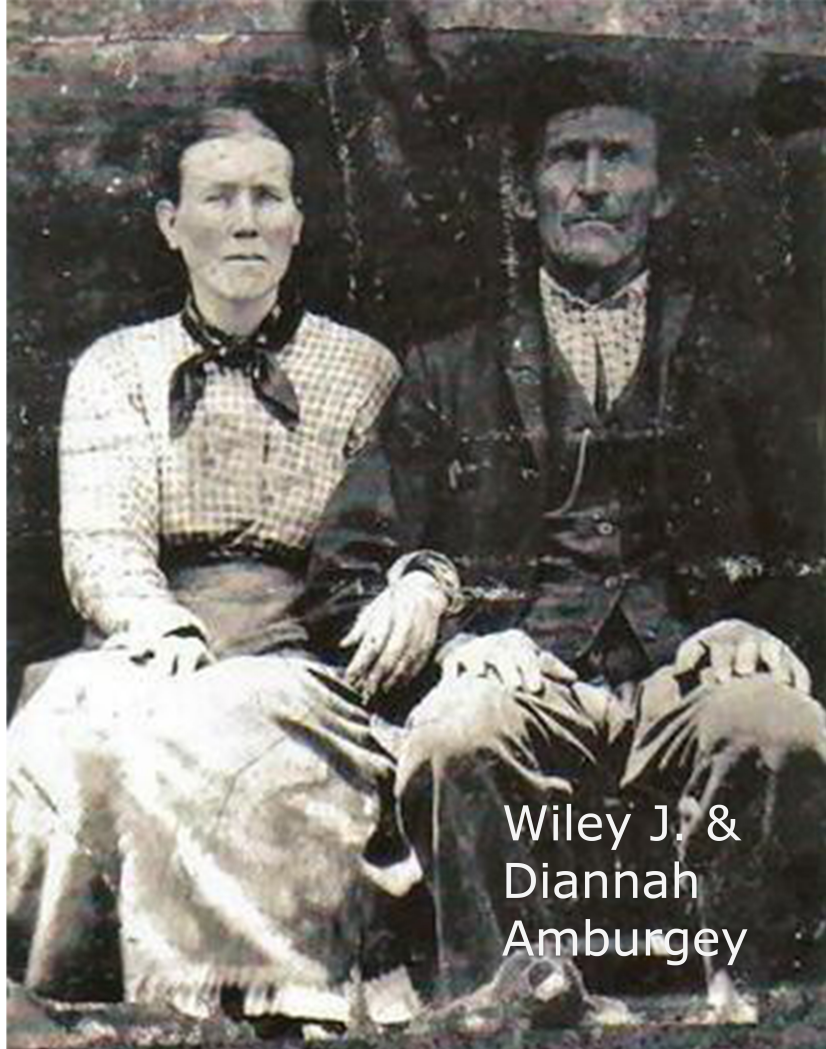


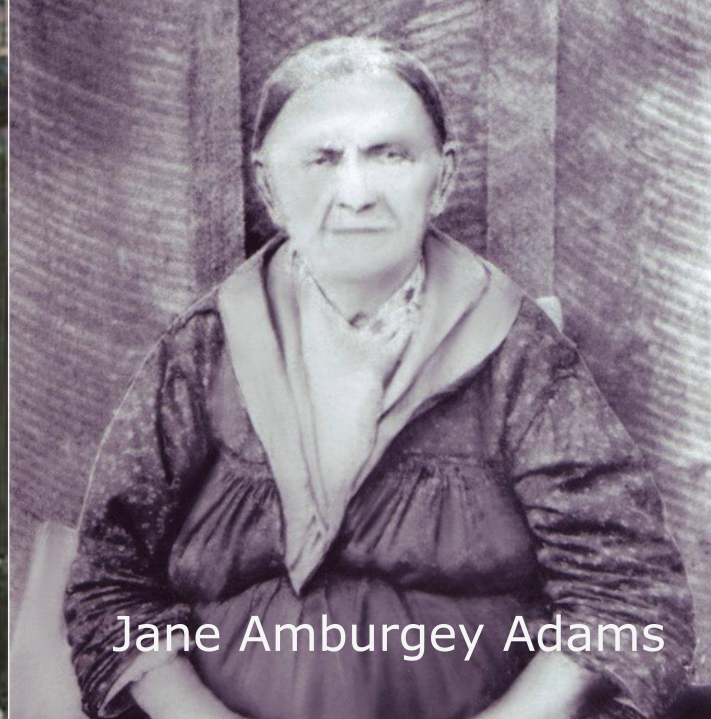


MY OLD  
KENTUCKY  
HOME





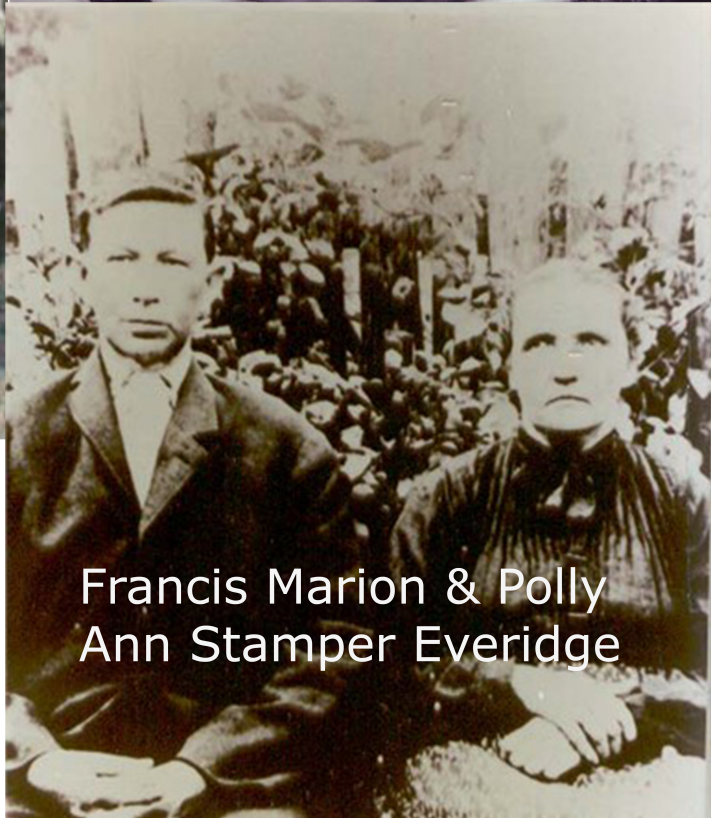
Wiley J. &  
Diannah  
Amburgey



Jane Amburgey Adams



Elizabeth Amburgey, Boaz,  
and Benjamin Everidge



Francis Marion & Polly  
Ann Stamper Everidge



This is the only  
known photo  
we have of Alec  
(Alexander)  
Amburgey



This is the earliest photo we have  
of Elizabeth Pigman Franklin  
-Amburgey-Combs-Rizner, and  
her first husand, a Franklin.



## Alvin & Esba Amburgey's Childhood /by Esba Everidge 3/97

Our mother, Elizabeth Pigmon, first married Andy Franklin.  
They moved to Oklahoma with a lot of his relatives.  
While they were there, a boy was born. They named him Robert.  
Later a girl was born, they named her Nettie.  
Robert & Nettie took the Measles and both died and are buried in Oklahoma.  
They move back to Neilia, KY. Versa Franklin was born 2/19/1909.  
Versa's dad, Andy, died after she was born. He is buried in the Amburgey  
Cemetery.

Then mom married Alec Amburgey.  
Alvin was born 12/18/1910 & Esba was born 11/28/1912.  
Versa went to Neila to stay with her Grandma & Grandpa Franklin.  
She would come across the hill to see us. Alvin & I would go up the hill to meet  
her. I recall one time they called on the telephone to let us know she was on her  
way over. ( Yes, we had telephones then.) The Franklin's had ripe cherries, so,  
Versa washed a bottle and filled it with pretty red cherries. The trouble was  
that we didn't get to eat many of them, because the mouth of the bottle was  
small and we couldn't get them out after she had pushed them down in it.

We had a peach tree in our front yard. Alvin & I were out in the yard playing  
and mom came to the door to see about us. She had a poker in her hand where  
she had been stirring up the fire in the stove. She saw a snake coming down the  
tree where we were. She threw the poker at the snake, it stuck through the  
snake into the tree. My uncles were great ones for teasing, and I imagine they  
told my dad to watch mom when she had a poker in her hand.

My mom, dad , Alvin and I went to a neighbor's house up a hollow. They met  
together at night to sing. Our dad had a real good voice and sung real well.  
That night as we went back home I was riding on my dad's shoulder and we  
heard a panther screaming up in the hills. I sure was glad I had my dad to  
protect me. Rose 'Catnipper' lived at the mouth of this hollow. We lived at the  
upper end of the meadow from there, in a two room log house that had once been  
a school house. In the Spring my mother would go out and get some white clay  
to put on the hearth and around the fire place. It would look so pretty & white.

Our dad got real sick, he had cancer of the stomach. One day, Alvin and I  
went up above the house to a sand bar to make us a play house. I was about 4



## Alvin & Esba Amburgey's Childhood /by Esba Everidge 3/97

years old and Alvin was about 6. We didn't have any toys, we would hunt pretty rocks, pieces of gladd or whatever we could find. We found an old rusty knife. While we were playing, a larger boy than Alvin came along and began tearing up our play house. He got Alvin down and was hitting him. I grabbed that old rusty knife and was sawing away at his leg. It must have hurt. He got up and left us alone.

Our dad died not long after that [December 14, 1917]. The day that our dad died, the window was open and a bird flew in the window and onto the head of the bed over my dad's head. Our mother cried, I didn't understand why then. A few days before our dad died, they took him out to a doctor. Mommy left us with one of our aunts, Arzella Furguson. They called her 'Doll'. We went to school with the children the next day. As we came by Rose 'Catnippers' house, (she lived at the mouth of the hollow, Catnipper wasn't here real last name, I can't remember it) she came out with a bottle of sweet milk (in a clean whisky bottle) and a piece of corn bread for Alvin's and my lunch. We appreciated it very much. I still remember that day in school. It was raining the day we buried dad.

Our grandfather Pigmon, (mother's dad), came in a wagon to get us and took us to live with him and Grandma Pigmon. It rained that day and the water was up and real muddy. Our grandfather's name was William and grandma's was Nancy. One day my grandmother, my mom and me were sitting out on the front porch and my grandpa called out for us to send some salt down to the barn. Salt was rationed at that time and you had to go a good ways to get it and was allowed just a certain amount. The salt was kept in a gourd. They sent me down with the salt. I was just 5 years old, and I spilled a little of it on the way down. Grandpa had a high shrill voice, and he yelled at me for spilling some of the salt. It scared me and I cried. You can imagine, he really got in trouble from my mom an grandma. He never yelled at me again.

Our grandfather Pigmon was a good carpenter. He had built the house they were living in at that time. He made coffins for most of the people that passed away at that time in our neighborhood. Our grandmother would line the inside of the coffins.

/2001/ said Granpa Pigmon was a very jolly man. Always teasing people.



## Alvin & Esba Amburgey's Childhood /by Esba Everidge 3/97

Not Long after that, mom met Jasper 'Babe' Collins. They were married and we went to Colson to live. He had a large country store.

[2001/said that Babe was really good to she and Alvin]

The first year that Alvin and I went to school at Colson, Chelis Hammonds was our teacher. He had only one arm. In a spelling bee, he gave out a word to be spelled, I was the only one in the class that could spell the word. He passed me to a higher grade.

The next year we moved to Whitesburg and our principal's daughter, Virginia Harris, was my teacher and I studied real hard and passed two grades that year. I caught up with Alvin that year. The next year, Versa Rawley was our teacher and our school was up on a hill and the train depot was at the foot of the hill. When there was an election, a Booster Train would come into the depot and stop. The teacher would take the lower grades down to the train. They would give us candy and balloons. The balloons were already blown up. When we got back to our classroom, the teacher told us to put the balloons in our desk. While we were having our lesson, the air went out of my balloon. The teacher was going to spank me. My bother Alvin said, "No, you're not, she couldn't help it. It was in her desk". She didn't spank me.

Our step dad bought a house that we lived in. Lawrence Lewis and his wife Allie built a large home and live in it now, where we had lived.

After we moved to Whitesburg, KY., our grandfather Amburgey came to see us. He wanted to know what he should do about Alvin's and my inheritance. He said he wanted to do what my mother thought was the best for Alvin and me. He would leave us the amount of land he gave the rest, or he would put an amount of money in the bank for us for clothing, books for school, or whatever we needed it for. So he deposited several hundred dollars in the bank for us. Our step dad had a stroke and was no longer able to work.

The day before my grandpa Amburgey died, I went over to see him and stayed most of the day. He passed away the next day. Our aunt 'Doll' Arzella was there with him. He thought that Alvin and I were there. She said he could see my dad and talked to him and would say, Alvin and Esba, here's your dad, this is Alec." She said he kept trying to get us to see our dad. She said our grandpa was so happy. \* [2001/said Grandpa Amburgey was a very serious man, didn't smile much]

## Alvin & Esba Amburgey's Childhood /by Esba Everidge 3/97

The next two years, Versa passed to high school. Since there was no high school in Whitesburg at the time, she went to Lower Carr Creek School. Then Alvin and I passed to high school. He was enrolled in Carr Creek High School but I didn't get to go to high school. My mother needed help with Mildred and Opal and my stepfather was sick [because of the stroke]. \* [I graduated from 8th grade]

Opal was born at Colson, KY, November 8, 1920. After that was when our step father moved us to a house in Whitesburg, KY. He wanted to move us where there was a good school for us to attend. After we moved, Mildred was born, February 14, 1922 at Whitesburg.

Carr Creek School had a real good basketball team and Alvin belonged to this team. Mom bought Alvin a trunk to put his clothes in when he went to school. I wanted one too, so she got me one also [Angela still has the trunk].

Our step dad had a large country store. At night he would bring his books and money over to the house from the store. He had a big round table in the bedroom where he would run up his books and count his money. He would let me stack up the change in piles and then count it. One night, a salesman had come through to take his orders for dry goods and other articles. He was watching us, and he asked me if I could draw pictures. I said "I'll bet I can draw something you can't." He asked me what it was, and I told him a hen and chickens. He said "No, but I would like to see you draw one." Of course I did. He said I sure did a good job on them.

Alvin and Carl both had guitars. Carl also had a banjo. Delmos Lucas lived up on Camp Branch, and they would get together and play and sing. They were real good.

The river ran down through the middle of the farm where we lived. Alvin and Carl saw a big fish in a big water hole. Alvin was determined to catch that fish. He fished and fished for several days until one day we heard a big commotion down by the river. Carl ran down there to see what was going on. Alvin was standing there with that big fish. He was yelling as loud as he could and laughing. He had caught that big fish. He sure was a happy fellow.



On the upper end of the farm was another big, long Bottom and a smaller hillside where they planted corn. We were hoeing the hillside first. All at once, Alvin went to laughing, and pointing at me. He said, "you're not supposed to get above the row of corn to hoe down hill!" I said I didn't think it mattered just so I got the corn hoed. So, big brother had to show me how.

one wuk end Alvin and one of his School Friends Fallace Fields, Went Out to Catch some Bull Frogs, They brought them in and Cleaned them. Our Mather was Frying them for the Boys. I Went into the Kitchen, and I said what are you cooking that smells so good, and Walked over to look in the Skillet. These frog legs were quivering and jumping, I got Out of there. To this day I have never tasted of a Frogs leg. They say they're real good. But you Couldn't Prove it by me - Esba





## Alvin & Esba Amburgey's Childhood /by Esba Everidge 3/97

We didn't have much to do to pass the time. So Alvin and Clara, and Carl and me would pitch horseshoes. Whoever would win would laugh and holler. People thought we were crazy. We didn't mind, we were enjoying ourselves.

When we lived at Whitesburg, one day momma went out on the back porch for something and happened to look toward the our door privy. The smoke was really coming out of the cracks of the building. Momma went down there and Alvin had a cigarette in his mouth fast puffing away. You talk about a boy being in big trouble. He sure was. No more smoking went on.





### Alvin married Clara Hayes

To them was born:

Jackie Lavern	6/13/1932
Nadine	8/27/1934
Lynette	12/13/1936
Billy Steve	3/31/1940

### Esba married Garland Everidge

To them was born:

Glenn Don	1/13/1931 - 7/29/31
Oma Louise	9/14/1932 (Died at birth)
Jack Rumis	2/16/1936 - 8/1/36
Norma Jean	9/12 <sup>4</sup> /1937 - 9-4-33
Betty Joyce	4/11/1937
Sheila Lois	4/15/1944
Brenda Fay	5/3/1948





Esba Amburgey







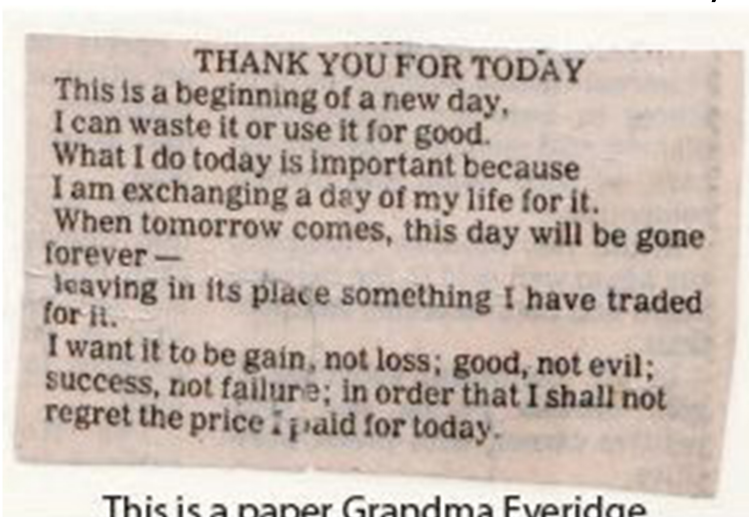


Margaret Pigman  
Everidge Anderson





**BACK: Esba, Alvan, Elizabeth  
FRONT: Mildred, Opal**



This is a paper Grandma Everidge  
had saved away. Worth Remembering!





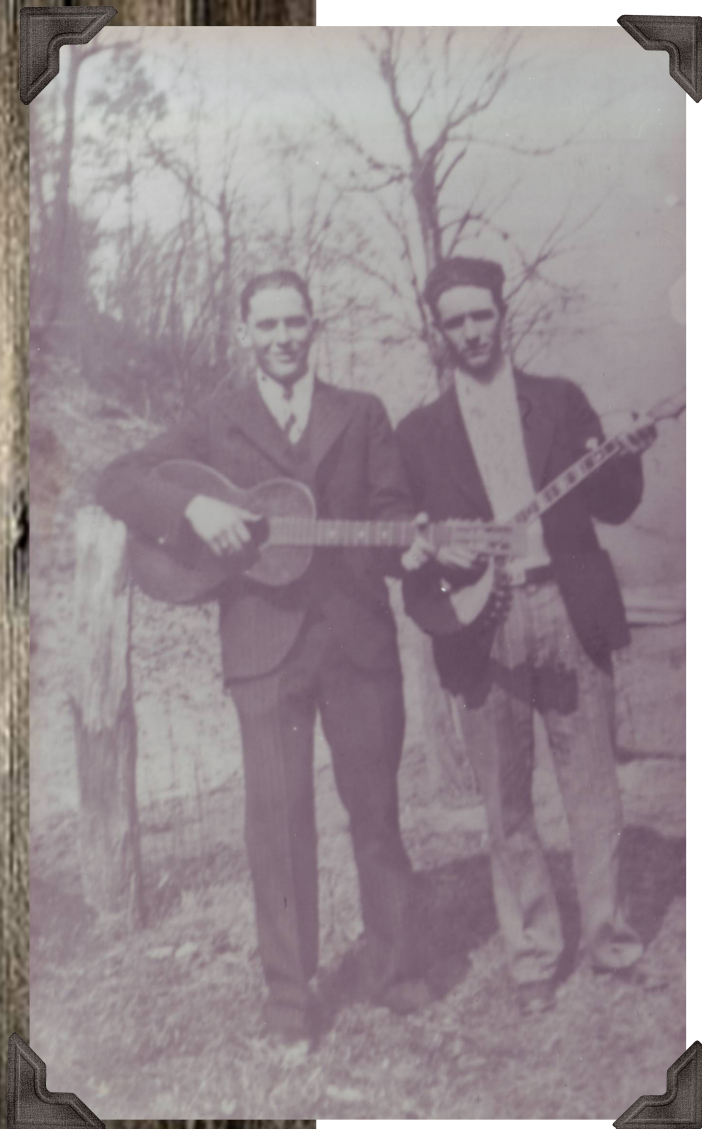


BACK: Esba Amburgey, Alvan Amburgey,  
Elizabeth Pigman Amburgey Combs Rizner  
FRONT: Opal and Mildred Combs

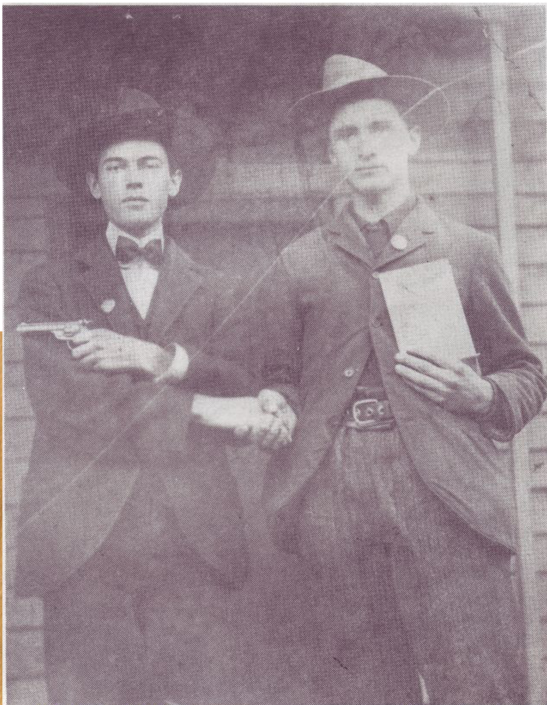
Esba Amburgey Everidge &  
Alvan Amburgey



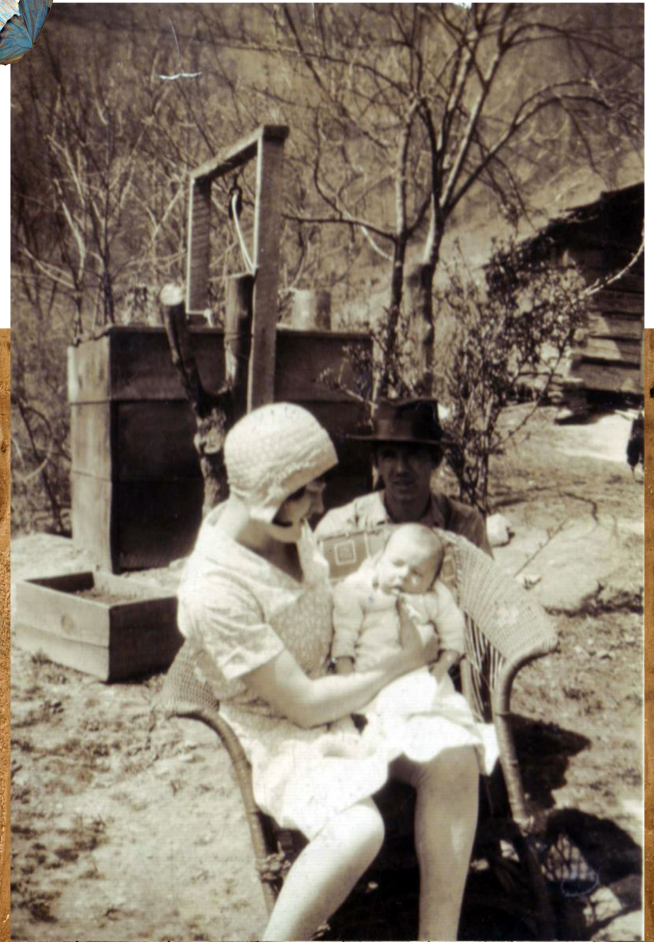








*and Tolliver Way*  
*my* **HENRY TOLLIVER & WILL EVERIDGE** *Garland Way*



**Esba, Garland, and baby Glenn**



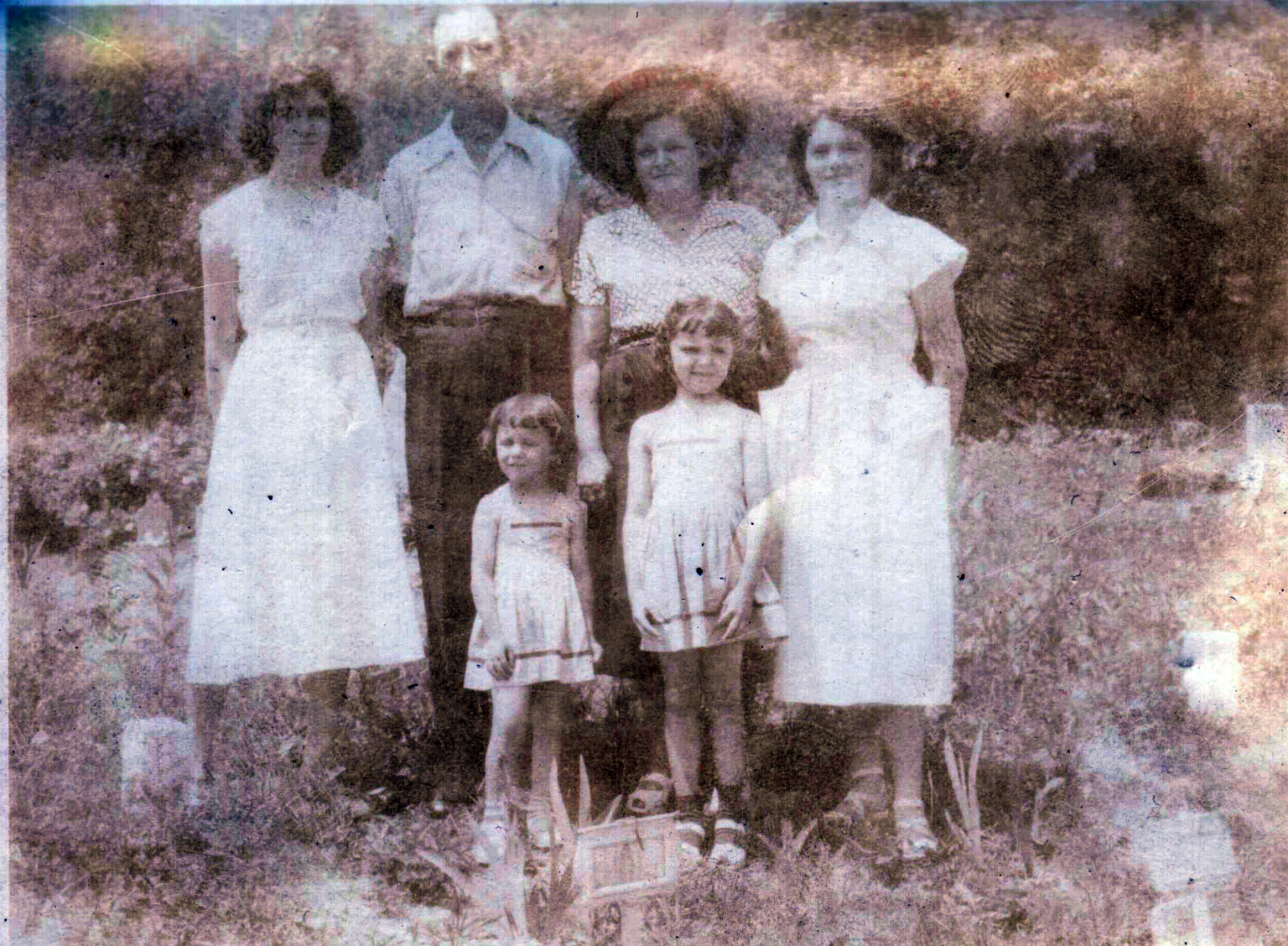
**Elizabeth Pigman  
Franklin-Amburgey-Combs-Riznor**











This is the only known image of the entire family together. It is from a very damaged negative. BACK: Betty Joyce Everidge(Taulbee), Garland Everidge, Esba Amburgey EVERidge, Norma Jean Everidge(Hassler)  
FRONT: Brrenda Fay Everidge(GABBARD), Sheila Lois Everidge(Martin)



*Norma - Sheila - Betty*



*sisters  
always*





## Deaths

<sup>born</sup>  
Glenn E. July 29-1931

One Louise 9-14-1932

Jack Remis Aug 1<sup>st</sup> 1936

Harland Everidge 4-13-1992

Alvin Amburgey 1-11-1969

Born 1878 or 79

Alvin Amburgey <sup>die</sup> 6-1917

Die Elizabeth Pignow 12-27-1947

Born ~~1892~~ 2-4-1890-

Vera Cole 7-26-1890-1990

<sup>Pignow</sup>  
Marguerite Everidge Anderson

W. M. Everidge <sup>die</sup> 4-20-1911

Born 1883

Opal Collins  
Nov. 8-1920  
Mildred Collins  
Feb. 14-1922

## THE NEW TESTAMENT

OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR

Jesus Christ

Versa Franklin  
Feb 19-1908

Deceased-  
7-25-19

Alvin Amburgey

AUTHORIZED KING JAMES VERSION

Die 18-1910

Deceased Jan 11-1916

Booz

Born 1-6-1906

Ishmael

" 3-31-1907

Harland

" 2-15-1909

Ainda

" 1-11-1911

[Everidge]

Benjamin

Joseph E. Death

father E. H. H.

half Brother

+ Sister

father Mary

Karen

Carl

deceased 10-

2 yrs. 5 days after

2 mo 9 days after

2 mo 19 days after

2 mo 19 days after

2 mo 19 days after

2 mo 19 days after

2 mo 19 days after

2 mo 19 days after

2 mo 19 days after

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2 mo 19 days after

Grandma Everidge's Bible





Colson Baptist Church





In 1959, the Everidge family moved from Whitesburg, KY to Fairfield, OH. They lived on 127 where the the drivethru of BurgerKing now sits.





# Grandma Everidge's diary filled with clippings of poems, jokes, and recipes

## EQUAL RIGHTS

If Mother'd ever been a pup,  
Or even just a boy,  
Some of the things that bother her  
I'm sure would not annoy;  
Like when she tells my Christopher  
In accents sharp and clear,  
"Out with that bone! You cannot  
bring

The filthy thing in here!"  
He droops his little shaggy ears  
And looks so hurt and sad;  
I know he feels just like I do  
Sometimes when I've been bad—  
And really didn't mean to be.  
My mother does forget  
You have to keep your treasures safe,  
Just like her rings. And yet  
While little boys are luckier,  
With pockets in their jeans  
For knives and bait and chewing gum  
And toads and jelly beans,  
A little dog has nothing.  
It really isn't fair—  
With all this talk of equal rights;  
But no one seems to care.  
I'm going to urge all mother dogs,  
If ever I've a chance,  
When they are making puppies to  
Put pockets in their pants.

—CLARA F. PUTNAM

## DEAR FATHER, TEACH ME

Dear Father, teach me how to walk  
With You beside me, and to talk  
With gentleness, to speak with love;  
To look to You, dear Lord above,  
For true examples of the way  
You'd have me pattern every day.  
If I can learn to be like You  
In all I speak and all I do,  
Then those around me, Lord, may see  
How wonderful their lives could be.

—JEAN CONDER SOULE

## GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

For 50 years the threads of love  
Have knitted the lives of two.  
The golden stitching from above  
Has bound them through and  
through.

Precious union blessed of God,  
Strengthened through the years;  
Down life's pathway they have trod,  
Sharing the smiles and sorrows

The bonds of love do bind them  
And bind their hearts as one;  
Sealed with rings of gold and  
Their lives are joined as one.

Fifty years of love and joy  
And true companionship;  
A memory of days and  
Days of love and joy.

And now, dear Lord, our  
Precious union blessed of God,  
Strengthened through the years;  
Down life's pathway they have trod,  
Sharing the smiles and sorrows

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Sealed with rings of gold and  
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I thank God for the job you  
did last year and for what  
you will be doing

## NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

Lord, I would thank You for these  
things:  
Not sunlight only, but sullen rain;  
Not only laughter with lifted  
wings.

But the heavy muted hands of  
pain.  
Lord, I would thank You for so  
much:

The toil no less than the well-  
earned ease;  
The glory always beyond our  
touch

That bows the head and bends the  
knees.  
Lord, there are gifts of brighter  
gold

Than the deepest mine or mint  
can yield:  
Friendship and love and a dream  
to hold.

The look that heartened, the word  
that healed.  
Lord, I would thank You for eyes  
to see

Miracles in our everyday earth:  
The colors that crowd monotony.  
The flame of the humblest flower's  
birth.

Lord, I would thank You for gifts  
without season:  
The flash of a thought like a banner  
unfurled,

The splendor of faith and the  
sparkle of reason,  
The tolerant mind in a turbulent  
world!

—JOSEPH AUSLANDER

## FOR YOUR MAIN COURSE

Take a bit of tolerance  
And add it to your day.  
A pinch of understanding  
Will make a fine bouquet.  
A cheerful disposition  
Will blend in very nice—  
A little love and laughter  
To give a touch of spice.  
Mix in an honest effort  
To do a deed worth while.  
Sprinkle in some kindness  
And serve it with a smile.

—FRANK C. HORN

## NEW YEAR PRAYER

Dear Lord, I ask Thee  
For this new year,  
An extra gift of courage  
My little trials to bear.  
I ask not for success;  
For wealth or fame or power;  
I ask for added faith  
To live life, hour by hour.  
Give me kindly thoughts, Lord,  
To use for charity.  
I want no gold to give,  
I'll spend kind thoughts for  
Thee.

—RUTH RICHWINE SMITH

## HIS GENTLE TOUCH

The sun begins to nestle  
Upon a distant hill.  
And suddenly all is still.  
Purple rays begin to spread  
Across the western sky.  
The screech owl on the fence post  
Begins to blink his eye.  
And to shine their very best.  
It's the time God's given all  
To lie down and to rest.

Suddenly the sun bursts forth  
To shine with all its glory.  
The birds begin to fly and sing.  
To tell a brand-new story.  
Furry little animals scamper  
Across the morning dew.  
The sky above is, oh, so pale.  
Then turns a brighter blue.  
I gaze around in raptured awe  
And say, "Thank you, Lord, so  
much."

For in all these wondrous things  
I can see His gentle touch.

—GLORIA VAN DYKE

## An Old Lady's Prayer

By MARTHA J. NISSEN

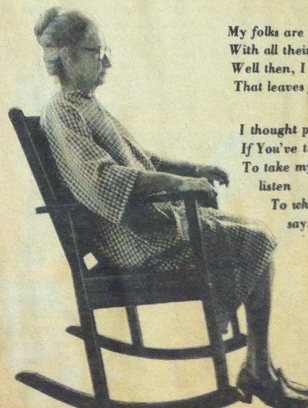
Dear Lord, I know You're busy—  
As busy as can be,  
But I wonder if this morning  
You'd come and chat with me.

It gets so very lonely,  
Just looking at the wall,  
Listening for the phone to ring  
And friends that never call.

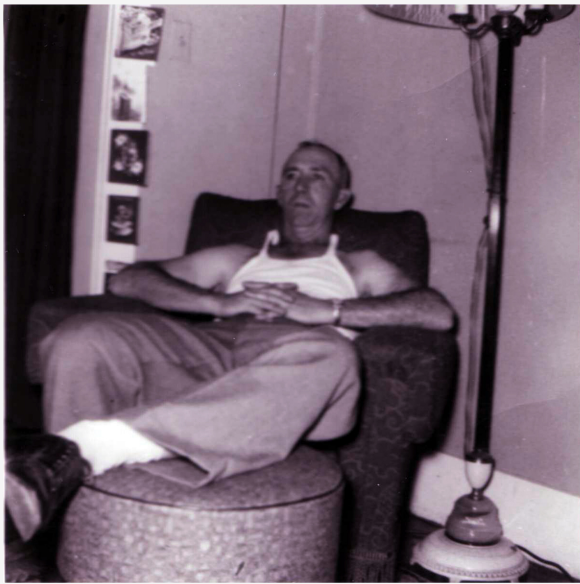
My folks are awfully busy  
With all their jobs to do.  
Well then, I guess, Lord,  
That leaves just me and You.

I thought perhaps we would  
If You're the time today  
To take my hand and  
listen  
To what I have to  
say.

But there'll be  
someone else  
Now just You  
and see.  
Until then, dear  
Lord,  
Guess it's just  
me!









Reg. Dist. No. 09

Ohio Department of Health

## VITAL STATISTICS

Primary Reg. Dist. No. 0903

## CERTIFICATE OF DEATH

State File No.

Registrar's No. 306

TYPE OR PRINT IN PERMANENT BLACK INK

NOT  
TO BE  
FILLED IN  
MARGIN  
SERVED FOR  
DATA CODINGDEATH  
OCCURRED IN  
INSTITUTION, GIVE  
ADMISSION

DECEDENT

PARENTS

INFORMANT

DISPOSITION

REGISTRAR

CERTIFIER

CAUSE OF  
DEATHINSTRUCTIONS  
OTHER SIDE

5/12/06 Rev. 3-01

1. DECEDENT'S NAME (First, Middle, LAST) <b>Garland EVERIDGE</b>				2. SEX <b>Male</b>		3. DATE OF DEATH (Month, Day, Year) <b>April 13, 1992</b>	
4. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER <b>405-07-3327</b>		5a. AGE - Last Birthday (Years) <b>83</b>	5b. UNDER 1 YEAR Months Days	5c. UNDER 1 DAY Hours Minutes	6. DATE OF BIRTH (Month, Day, Year) <b>02-15-1909</b>		7. BIRTHPLACE (City and State or Foreign Country) <b>Colson, Ky</b>
8. WAS DECEDENT EVER IN U.S. ARMED FORCES? <input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No				9a. PLACE OF DEATH (Check only one) HOSPITAL: <input type="checkbox"/> Inpatient <input type="checkbox"/> ER/Outpatient <input type="checkbox"/> DOA OTHER: <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Nursing Home <input type="checkbox"/> Residence <input type="checkbox"/> Other (Specify)			
9b. FACILITY NAME (If not institution, give street and number) <b>Tri - County Extended Care</b>				9c. CITY, VILLAGE, TWP., OR LOCATION OF DEATH <b>Fairfield, Ohio</b>		9d. COUNTY OF DEATH <b>Butler</b>	
10. MARITAL STATUS - Married, Never Married, Widowed, Divorced <b>Married</b>		11. SURVIVING SPOUSE (If wife, give maiden name) <b>Esba Amburgey</b>		12a. DECEDENT'S USUAL OCCUPATION (Give kind of work done during most of working life. Do not use retired.) <b>Construction</b>		12b. KIND OF BUSINESS/INDUSTRY <b>Bridge Builder</b>	
13a. RESIDENCE - STATE <b>Ohio</b>		13b. COUNTY <b>Butler</b>		13c. CITY, TOWN, TWP., OR LOCATION <b>Fairfield</b>		13d. STREET AND NUMBER <b>4971 Pleasant Ave. Lot #52</b>	
13e. INSIDE CITY LIMITS? (Yes or No) <b>Yes</b>		13f. ZIP CODE <b>45014</b>		14. WAS DECEDENT OF HISPANIC ORIGIN? (Specify No or Yes - If yes, specify Cuban, Mexican, Puerto Rican, etc.) <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/> Yes Specify:		15. RACE - American Indian, Black, White, etc. (Specify) <b>American</b>	
16. DECEDENT'S EDUCATION (Specify only highest grade completed) <b>8</b>				17. FATHER'S NAME (First, Middle, Last) <b>William Everidge</b>		18. MOTHER'S NAME (First, Middle, Maiden Surname) <b>Margaret Pigmon</b>	
19a. INFORMANT'S NAME (Type/Print) <b>Mrs. Esba Everidge</b>				19b. MAILING ADDRESS (Street and Number or Rural Route Number, City or Town, State, Zip Code) <b>4971 Pleasant Ave. Fairfield, Ohio 45014</b>			
20a. METHOD OF DISPOSITION <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Burial <input type="checkbox"/> Cremation <input type="checkbox"/> Removal from State <input type="checkbox"/> Donation <input type="checkbox"/> Other (Specify)				20b. PLACE OF DISPOSITION (Name of cemetery, crematory, or other place) <b>Colson Cemetery</b>		20c. LOCATION - City or Town, State <b>Colson, Ky</b>	
20d. DATE OF DISPOSITION <b>April 15, 1992</b>				21a. NAME OF EMBALMER <b>Jack Wenning</b>		21b. LICENSE NUMBER <b>6910-A</b>	
22a. SIGNATURE OF FUNERAL DIRECTOR OR OTHER PERSON <i>Jack Wenning</i>				22b. LICENSE NUMBER (of Licensee) <b>5015 -Ky</b>		23. NAME AND ADDRESS OF FACILITY <b>Everidge Funeral Home 130 W. Main Street Whitesburg, Ky 41858</b>	
24. REGISTRAR'S SIGNATURE <i>Patricia Bue</i>				25. DATE FILED (Month, Day, Year) <b>April 13, 1992</b>		26a. DIST. No. <b>0900</b>	
26b. SIGNATURE OF PERSON ISSUING PERMIT <i>Same</i>				27. DATE PERMIT ISSUED <b>April 13, 1992</b>		28. DATE OF DEATH <b>8:20AM April 13, 1992</b>	
28a. CERTIFIER (Check only one) <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> CERTIFYING PHYSICIAN To the best of my knowledge, death occurred at the time, date, and place, and due to the cause(s) and manner as stated. <input type="checkbox"/> CORONER On the basis of examination and/or investigation, in my opinion, death occurred at the time, date, and place, and due to the cause(s) and manner as stated.				28b. TIME OF DEATH <b>8:20AM April 13, 1992</b>		28c. DATE PRONOUNCED DEAD (Month, Day, Year) <b>April 13, 1992</b>	
28d. WAS CASE REFERRED TO CORONER? <input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No				28e. SIGNATURE AND TITLE OF CERTIFIER <i>Dr. Elmer Wahl M.D.</i>		28f. LICENSE NUMBER <b>038148</b>	
28g. DATE SIGNED (Month, Day, Year) <b>4-13-92</b>				29. NAME AND ADDRESS OF PERSON WHO COMPLETED CAUSE OF DEATH (Type/Print) <b>Dr. Elmer Wahl 12053 Sheraton Ln. Cincinnati, Ohio 45246</b>			
30. PART I. Enter the diseases, injuries, or complications that caused the death. Do not enter the mode of dying, such as cardiac or respiratory arrest, shock, or heart failure. List only one cause on each line. TYPE OR PRINT IN PERMANENT BLACK INK <b>Anorexia</b>				31a. WAS AN AUTOPSY PERFORMED? <input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No			
31b. WERE AUTOPSY FINDINGS AVAILABLE PRIOR TO COMPLETION OF CAUSE OF DEATH? <input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No				32. MANNER OF DEATH <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Natural <input type="checkbox"/> Pending Investigation <input type="checkbox"/> Accident <input type="checkbox"/> Suicide <input type="checkbox"/> Could not be Determined <input type="checkbox"/> Homicide			
33a. DATE OF INJURY (Month, Day, Year)				33b. TIME OF INJURY <b>M</b>		33c. INJURY AT WORK? <input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No	
33d. DESCRIBE HOW INJURY OCCURRED				33e. PLACE OF INJURY - At home, farm, street, factory, office building, etc. (Specify)			
33f. LOCATION (Street and Number or Rural Route Number, City or State)				33g. LOCATION (Street and Number or Rural Route Number, City or State)			







Life is not measured  
by the **Breaths** you take,  
but by the moments that  
take your breath **Away**